



UNCLE SAM: "BARRING A LITTLE NOISE, I GUESS WE'RE ALL RIGHT!"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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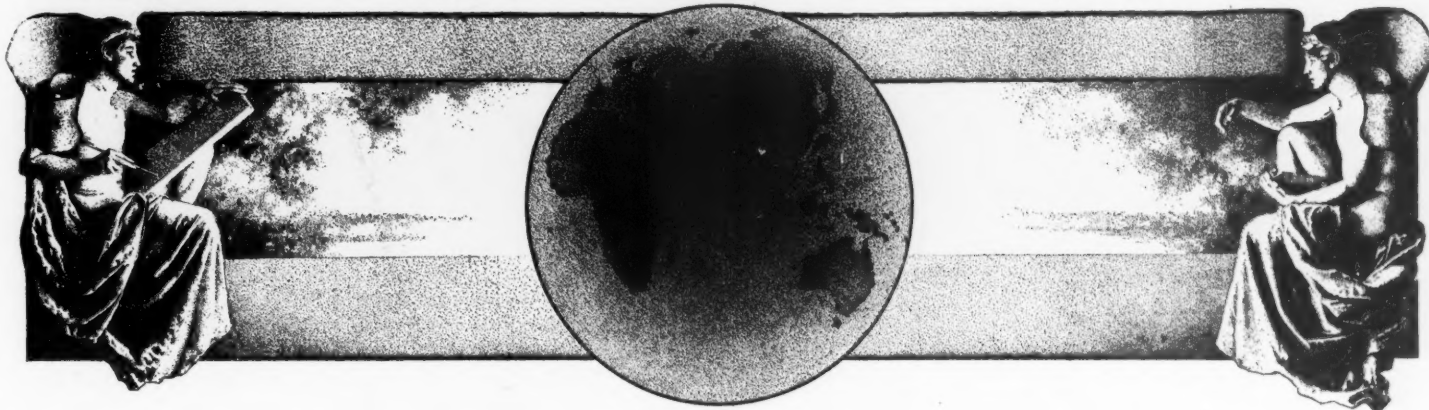
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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



PREPARING FOR PEACE

THE ARRANGEMENTS for the peace conference between Russia and Japan have been making steady progress. There was some difficulty at first in agreeing upon a place of meeting. Russia would have preferred Paris, but that, of course, was emphatically vetoed by Japan. President Roosevelt's choice was The Hague, and that would have been satisfactory to Russia, but Japan decided that no place in Europe would do. Finally both powers agreed upon Washington, and the American capital will therefore be the scene of the most momentous diplomatic negotiations of our time. Not only Russia and Japan, but all the powers of the world are concerned with the questions at issue. It is understood that England and America have used their influence with Japan to keep her demands within limits which Russia could consider, and that France has exerted the strongest possible pressure upon Russia to make peace in the East in order that she may cease to be a cipher in European politics. Meanwhile the armies in Manchuria have continued military operations. Oyama has extended his lines in the familiar Japanese crescent formation until they are nearly or quite in position to close upon the Russian line of retreat. Along the railway that formed the Russian line of retreat after the battle of Mukden the Japanese advanced on June 11 twenty miles beyond the point twenty miles north of Tieling at which they had halted three months before, and on the 15th and 16th they pushed forward ten miles further. In a series of engagements on the 16th the Russian advanced cavalry forces were defeated and forced to retire.

EUROPE WITHOUT RUSSIA

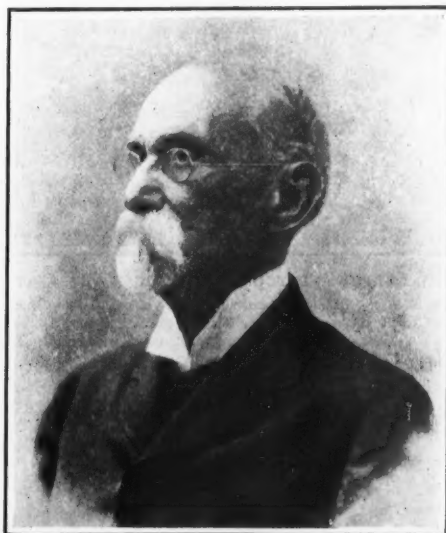
UNTIL RECENTLY the chief influence urging the Czar to make peace has been the danger of revolution at home. But lately a new and ominous factor has loomed into prominence. Russia has discovered that her Manchurian adventure has destroyed the balance of power in Europe. Before Togo's torpedo-boats struck down Russian prestige at Port Arthur the Dual and Triple Alliances divided Europe into two fairly matched halves. There was a pacific deadlock. No power could attack another without bringing upon itself dangers it did not care to risk. Germany was under bonds to keep the peace by the peril of invasions on two frontiers and of the onset of an irresistible sea power. But now Russia has ceased to count in Europe, by land or sea. Germany's naval power fairly matches that of France and her military power is far superior. She has no need to call upon the shaky Triple Alliance to protect her from the consequences of any adventure she may undertake. And consequently she has been pressing France with an imperiousness that has made the Republic fear that she is bent upon picking a quarrel. Hence the French Government has called upon Russia to make the alliance worth while by repairing her position in Europe.

GERMANY AS LORD OF THE CONTINENT

THE RESIGNATION of Foreign Minister Delcassé, of France, which was expected to conciliate Germany, was so far from relieving the tension that for a few days war was thought to be

It is settled that Russia and Japan are to meet at Washington to discuss terms of peace. But this gratifying news has been almost overshadowed by a crisis in the relations between France and Germany. Cuba is mourning the chief of its Army of Liberation, Maximo Gomez. The Equitable plan of reconstruction has been made public

neither than at any other time since the famous scare of 1875. Germany strengthened her forces on the frontiers and all leaves of absence in the French army were revoked. The Sultan of Morocco asked the powers to hold an international conference to discuss reforms in that country, and Germany promptly accepted. The Sultan showed himself completely under German influence, and treated the French mission with marked coolness. The request for an international conference was a direct repudiation of the French supremacy recognized by the Anglo-French and Franco-Spanish agreements. The other powers held back, waiting for France to decide whether to consent to such a conference or not, and the British press declared that England would back



MAXIMO GOMEZ

Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban Army of Liberation. Born in Santo Domingo in 1823, died in Havana, Cuba, June 17, 1905

French resistance to German aggression to any extent. But it was said on behalf of Germany that she feared France and England together less than England alone, since if she were fighting both she could make France pay for any damage done by England at sea. What Germany had a right to expect, it was added, was that she should be dealt with in the light of existing facts, as the paramount power of Europe. Premier Rouvier informed the German Ambassador at Paris on June 19 that France was inclined to join in the proposed conference, provided the German and French governments could reach a mutually satisfactory agreement as to the points to be considered.

CUBA LIBRE'S HERO GONE

GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ died at Havana in the evening of June 17. Only the day before the Senate had passed a bill giving him \$100,000 as a testimonial of gratitude, and a check for the amount had been taken to his house on the day of his death. The President of the Republic he had fought to establish was at his bedside just before the end. From Cabanas fortress, in which he might have occupied a dungeon if he had been caught eight years ago, a mourning gun sounded every half-hour through the next day, and his body lay in state in the principal salon of the palace once occupied by Weyler. Congress in special session voted that there should be a three-day period of mourning until the funeral, for which it appropriated \$15,000, and that all public business should be suspended during this time. The whole population abandoned itself to grief. With all his hardships and dangers, Gomez lived to the remarkable age of eighty-two. Although revered as the hero of Cuban liberty, he was a native of Santo Domingo. In his youth he served in the Spanish army, but he spent thirteen years of his later life in arms against Spanish rule. He fought through both the great Cuban revolutions—the Ten Years' War from 1868 to 1878, and the final revolt of 1895-98.

ALIENS SAFE IN CANADA

THE FAMOUS Pêre Marquette deportation case, which has created so much excitement along the Canadian border, has been settled by a decision of Judge Anglin, at Toronto, that the law under which the American railroad officials were to be expelled from Canada is void. The judgment is based on the remarkable ground that a law deporting aliens can not be enforced because the officers attempting to enforce it would have to perform part of their duties on foreign soil. The same principle, of course, would apply south of the border, so that if the courts of the United States adopted Judge Anglin's theory all the American alien labor laws, including the Chinese Exclusion law, would be thrown into the waste basket.

THE RAILROAD RACE

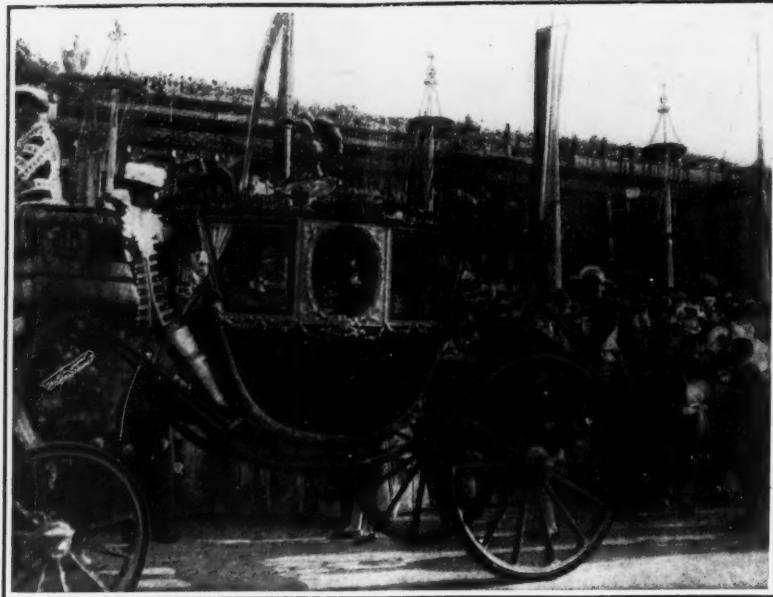
BOTH THE Pennsylvania and the New York Central Railroads have beaten their schedules with their new eighteen-hour trains between Chicago and New York, the first trains on each line coming in three minutes ahead of time. The New York Central's flyer averaged eighty miles an hour between Chicago and Elkhart, as well as between Toledo and Cleveland. From Cleveland to Buffalo it covered 186 miles in 143 minutes. The public interest in the contest was illustrated by the fact that twenty-five thousand people watched that train pull out of Chicago. While both roads carry passengers between the terminals in exactly the same time, the fact that the New York Central's line is 55 miles longer than the Pennsylvania's makes it necessary for it to make greater speed to keep up with its schedule, and therefore it may be said to have the fastest train in the world until some other road puts on a faster one. The Twentieth Century Limited averages over 54 miles an hour, including stops, but there is already talk of a fifteen-hour train, which would exceed 64.

CHASING A RING

MAYOR WEAVER, of Philadelphia, is following the maxim of generalship that a beaten enemy should be pursued without rest and allowed no chance to rally. He is striking at the demoralized ring with a vigor and effect that come of an intimate practical knowledge of its weak places. For the first time since its gas-lease rout the gang attempted to make a stand on June 13, when the Council's Committee on Street Railways refused to obey the Mayor's order to report a series of ordinances repealing the grants of \$100,000,000 worth of traction franchises which had been passed over his vetoes just before the collapse of Boss Durham's power. But the rally was only momentary. The committee referred the ordinances to City Solicitor Kinsey for an opinion on their legality, and Mr. Kinsey promptly reported that they were absolutely legal. The machine forthwith surrendered and the ordinances were reported favorably, the grabbers deciding to take their chances in the courts. Meanwhile the Mayor continued to rain blows on the battered organization. He discharged seventy-eight superfluous officials in a single day, saving \$50,000 a year to the city. He had a Select Councilman and ring leader arrested on a charge of trafficking in city contracts, and during the hearing of this case it was shown that the Republican boss, Durham, was the principal partner in the McNichol firm which had the great \$27,000,000 filtration contract, and that in the execution of this work the city had been repeatedly swindled. Thereupon the Mayor accepted the resignation of the Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Filtration, the most highly paid official of the city government, with a salary of \$17,000 a year, ordered all warrants under the system stopped, and put the city's offices at the filtration plants in charge of detectives. Thus the ring was cut off from one of its principal sources of supplies, and threatened at the same time with criminal penalties for its malfeasance. Even Governor Pennypacker's previously impenetrable skin began to show signs of distress by this time, and the Governor took into serious consideration the advisability of ending the scandal of keeping a corrupt boss like Durham as the official guardian of the hundreds of millions of dollars owed by insurance companies to the policy-holders of Pennsylvania. And President Roosevelt gave indications of an intention to deprive the ring of its last stronghold, the Federal patronage, by transferring his favor from Senator Penrose to Senator Knox. Certain respectable citizens thought the time opportune for an attempt to improve the quality of the machine's city ticket, but the Mayor vigorously repudiated any deal with the ring.

SECRETARY HAY'S RETURN

SECRETARY HAY landed in New York on June 15, after a four months' vacation, apparently entirely restored to health. He was away just long enough to enable the President to prove, by winning the unexampled diplomatic triumph of bringing the warring powers together at Washington, that a Roosevelt Administration, pure and simple, was not absolutely helpless in foreign affairs, but could accomplish some things, on a pinch, almost as well as a Hay Administration. Nevertheless, the return of the first diplomatist of the time is of incalculable value at the beginning of, the most momentous international negotiations the world has known for a generation, involving not only peace and war, but the relations of all the civilized powers. The con-

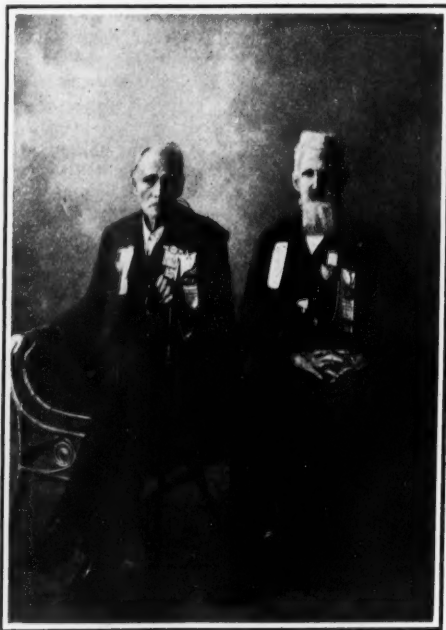


THE CREATION OF A FUTURE GERMAN EMPRESS

The bride of the Crown Prince of Germany, formerly the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in the Imperial coach. The wedding was celebrated at Berlin June 6, after which the bridal pair went to a Silesian hunting lodge for the honeymoon.

siderable period that must elapse before the assembling of the Washington Conference gave Mr. Hay time to take a rest in the country before returning

receiving every week. The increase in European immigration began last November, before which time the stream had been dwindling. With every month since then it has been mounting until now it is an appalling torrent.



THE OLDEST AND YOUNGEST MEXICAN VETERANS

Barney E. Wade, of Chilton, Texas, ninety-nine years old, on the left, and Major Robert L. Pruyn, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, seventy-two years old, on the right. Major Pruyn is a Confederate as well as a Mexican veteran. The survivors of the Mexican War average 80 7-9 years old.

to his duties at Washington. But to a question how long he would stay in office he responded oracularly that he would stay until he or President Roosevelt got ready to resign.



THE GREAT SUBURBAN HANDICAP

Won by August Belmont's Beldame, June 15; W. B. Jennings' Proper second, and C. E. Rowe's First Mason third.

THE EUROPEAN INVASION

THE RETURNS continue to show a steady and enormous increase in immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe. In April, 1905, there were 37,349 immigrants from Austria-Hungary, against 13,689 for the same month of last year. In ten months that country sent us 219,813 persons, ensuring a greater volume of immigration for the fiscal year than has ever reached us from any one country in any other year in our history. We received in April 41,428 persons from Italy, as compared with 34,249 for April, 1905, and 19,505 from Russia against 13,728. On the other hand the Japanese, whose influx is so alarming some timid observers on the Pacific Coast, came in April of this year to the number of only 1,161, a decline of nearly one-third from the 1,635 who came in the same month last year. Only 8,875 Japanese have landed on our shores in ten months—less than the number of Austro-Hungarians we have been

LIBERAL VICTORIES IN CANADA

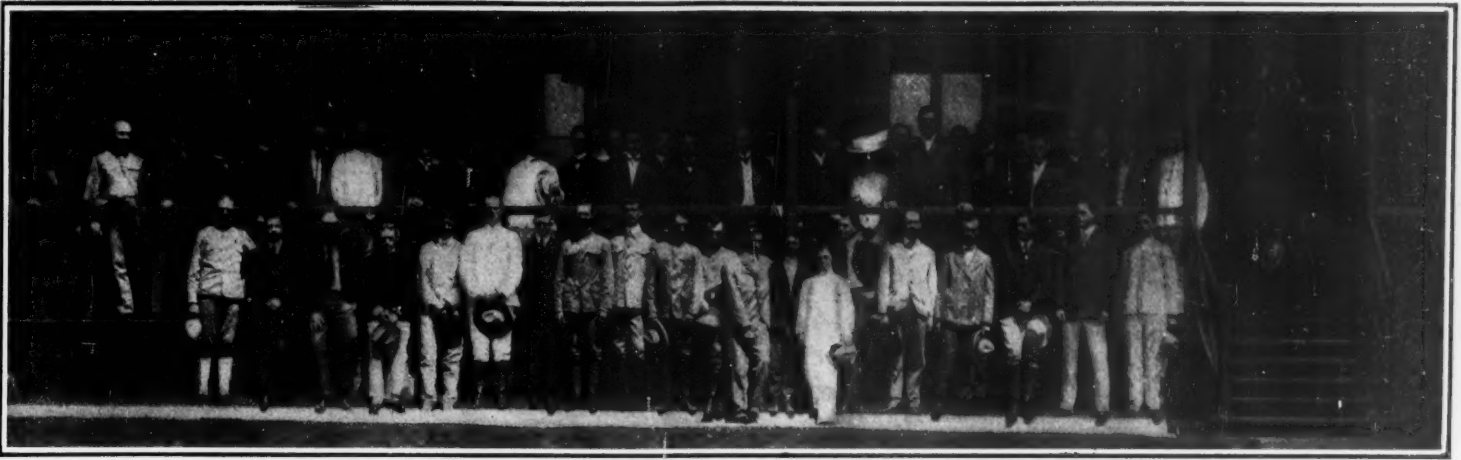
THE BEST OPPORTUNITY yet afforded of testing Canadian public sentiment on the Government's Western school policy came on June 13 in the by-elections at London and North Oxford, Ontario. The former constituency was normally very close; the latter strongly Liberal. After a hot campaign, exciting the keenest interest throughout the Dominion, both seats were captured by the Liberals. At London the Hon. Charles Hyman, the new Minister of Public Works, was elected by a majority of 330, a great gain over his narrow margin of 22 at the general election a few months ago. At North Oxford the Liberal candidate, Mr. George Smith, won by a majority of 349, as against 1,502 secured by the late Minister of Public Works, George Sutherland.

NIPPING THE BUREAUCRACY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's reforming activity has grappled with the gigantic subject of red tape in the Government service. The people of Russia are in revolt against the bureaucracy, and the President sees the beginnings of a similar machine here. He has appointed a committee, headed by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Charles Keep, to investigate the methods of business in all branches of the Government and propose improvements in the direction of simplicity and efficiency. "There is a type of bureaucrat," says the President, "who believes that his entire work, and that the entire work of the Government, should be the collecting of papers in reference to a case, commenting with eager minuteness on each and corresponding with other officials in reference thereto. These people really care nothing for the case, but only for the documents in the case." He wishes more time to be devoted to doing things and less to writing about them.

EQUITABLE TRUST

THE DEED OF TRUST conveying the majority of the Equitable stock to Grover Cleveland, George Westinghouse, and Justice Morgan J. O'Brien for voting purposes was ratified and made public on June 16. At the same time Mr. Ryan announced that he was the sole owner of the 502 shares of stock purchased



INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR CHARLES E. MAGOON, OF THE CANAL ZONE

Governor Magoon was inaugurated at Ancon, a suburb of Panama within the canal zone, on May 25, in the presence of President Amador, of the Republic of Panama, his Cabinet, and all the heads of departments of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The ceremony took place on the porch of the Governor's house

from Mr. Hyde, and that the price paid was \$2,500,000. The discrepancy between this statement and Mr. Ryan's original announcement that he had made the purchase "in connection with some other policy-holders" caused some comment. The price paid by Mr. Ryan amounts to \$4,980 per share, on which the legal dividend return will be fourteen one-hundredths of one per cent. The deed of trust provides that at each annual election the trustees shall elect seven directors named by the holders of policies in force at least one year, and six chosen in their own uncontrolled discretion. The choice of the policy-holders is to be expressed by written request to the trustees, at any time before the first of November of each year, without the intervention of proxies. Thus in the course of four years the entire board will be made up of twenty-eight members designated by the policy-holders and twenty-four freely chosen by the trustees. The trust agreement is to remain in force for the legal period of five years, unless terminated by the trustees, and Mr. Ryan binds himself to renew it as often as the trustees think advisable. Vacancies in the trust board are to be filled by the remaining members. No vote is to be cast by the trustees without the unanimous approval of the whole number.

STRONG AND WEAK POINTS

IN MANY RESPECTS this arrangement tended to restore public confidence. The provision for obtaining the votes of policy-holders by mail instead of through proxies was a distinct advance on the general practice of the so-called "mutual" companies in this country, although it had been applied with great success on a large scale in Australia. The high character of the trustees gave assurance that whatever they could do to raise the standards of conduct in the company's management would be done. But there still remained several points of weakness. 1. Mr. Paul Morton, whose views of the relations of corporations to the laws were leading to his retirement from the Cabinet under a cloud, was in supreme executive control of the company as Mr. Ryan's personal choice and apparently was expected to remain. 2. It was not explained how a free choice of directors by the trustees and the policy-holders could be reconciled with the legal requirement that each director must be the owner of at least five shares of stock. Aside from Mr. Ryan's 502 shares there were only 498 shares in existence. The fifty-two directors would have to own 260 shares. Whether they were required to be the bona-fide owners of this stock, or were dummies satisfactory to the real owners, the field of possible choice would be extremely restricted. 3. Mr. Ryan bound himself to renew the trust indefinitely, but made no such stipulation for his heirs, so that in the absence of new legislation the unchecked control of the company will revert to private hands at the end of the twenty years or so during which a man of fifty-three may

reasonably be expected to live. 4. The provision that the trustees shall cast no vote without their unanimous approval, while a useful safeguard in one aspect, presents in another the possibility of a dangerous deadlock.

CHINA'S GRIEVANCE

THE THREATENED BOYCOTT of American goods in China has had indirect effects upon the administration of the exclusion laws in the United States. It has disturbed certain merchants' associations, and these have been able to attract the attention of the President to the indignities inflicted upon cultivated Chinamen by raw and overzealous customs officials. No serious modification of the exclusion policy is contemplated, but the Government is considering the question whether the laws can not be enforced without inflicting hardships and insults upon individuals who are legally entitled to enter the country. A delegation from the American Asiatic Association presented to President Roosevelt facts concerning the ill-treatment of Chinese merchants, students, travelers, and literary men at our ports of entry which aroused his keen interest, and led him to write a sharp letter to Secretary Metcalf, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, directing him to try to mingle discretion with the zeal of the immigration officers. The President's views were believed to be further developed in a speech delivered on June 15 at the commencement exercises of Miami University by Secretary Taft, in which he pleaded for a modification of the exclusion laws. He expressed the opinion that the Chinese Government had a right to ask for this change, and added: "We must continue to keep out the coolies, the laborers; but we should give the freest possible entry to merchants, travelers, and students, and treat them with all courtesy and consideration." Of course, the privilege would be abused, but a few leaks would not be fatal.

MR. TAFT ON NATIONAL POLICIES

THE SPEECH in which Mr. Taft expressed such vigorous opinions on the Chinese question was rather notable in other respects. The graduating class at Miami had the honor of drawing out an entire programme of national policy. The Secretary of War praised the efforts of the President to secure peace between Russia and Japan. He condemned the attempt to exclude the negro from the ballot in the South, although he added that there could be no objection to the disfranchisement of ignorant whites and blacks alike. He defended the arrangement with Santo Domingo, denying that it could be called a treaty, and asserting that it put the United States under no obligation to do anything. Mr. Taft enlarged upon the need for a reform in the administration of the criminal law, whose present condition was "a disgrace to our community," and led naturally to the cheapening of human life. He thought that the Constitution, as now interpreted, went too far in the direction of protecting the criminal, and that the provision that no man shall be compelled to give evidence against himself was especially harmful in cases like those arising under the Interstate Commerce and Anti-Trust laws. Unscrupulous counsel were further objects of criticism. Secretary Taft favored universal national laws of marriage and divorce, and advocated increased salaries for high officials of the Government. He modestly laid least stress upon the salary of the President, whose increase he doubtless thought could be more properly agitated by others.

JOBBERY IN THE BRITISH ARMY

THAT THE "GRAFT" EVIL from which government in America suffers is not unknown in England is made clear by the publication in a blue book of the report of the War Office Committee headed by Sir William Francis Butler. This report discloses a scandal that overshadows anything ever known in the national administration of the United States. It shows that a ring of contractors and officers of the Army Service Corps and Pay Department worked together at the end of the South African war in the manipulation of military stores. The favored contractors would buy the goods from the army authorities at nominal prices and then sell them back at enormously inflated rates. These transactions covered stores to the value of between \$30,000,000 and \$35,000,000. The British people have been convinced for some time that they have not been getting their money's worth out of their army. They have attributed the trouble to incompetence among the officers, but it will be a painful shock to have to add dishonesty. America has a little share in this scandal, although not an official one, as many of the stores dealt in by the jobbers were bought in this country, and one American contractor was said to have made profits for a time at the rate of \$10,000 a day.



AN OCEAN MONSTER CAST ASHORE IN A PROHIBITION STATE

This creature, weighing ten tons, and locally identified as the sea-serpent, was beached at Old Orchard, Maine, June 8

THE CUBAN TAN-1898

By Arthur Cosslett Smith

WITH bows aloft our ships come home,
Bringing Jack back to Nan.
The guns boom out and the bumboats shout,
"Get on to the Cuban tan."

At up-town clubs, at down-town pubs,
Round the growler's battered can,
The toast to-day is, "El Caney
And the men who wore the tan."

The rider rough, the Bowery tough,
And the dude at "San Juan,"
When the last charge came looked much the same,
With the blood and the sweat and the tan.

And the nurses, too, who in gingham blue
With the ambulance followed the van—
Ah, in Paradise there are longing eyes
Waiting the women who wore the tan.

Captain of all, when Thy bugle call
Summons Jacky and cavalryman,
May they stand on Thy right—they fought the
good fight
And they wore the Cuban tan.



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THE TELEGRAM

A JEST THAT BECAME A TRAGEDY

By ROBERT LIVINGSTON BEECHER

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

"AS I SAID BEFORE, there are good men in the world, sound through and through to the heart. You're a cynic, Morris."

The speaker, tall, angular, and with a determined jaw, spoke with some irritation.

"Maybe I am, Chester," retorted the man addressed, passing a delicate hand over a broad forehead which bulged out from a mass of rather long black hair. "Maybe I am. That doesn't alter the truth of my contention, however, which I've seen proved a hundred times since we were at college together. In the sense in which I mean it there are no good men, absolutely none."

"Translate thyself, Cynic," interjected a soldierly-looking man of thirty with a bronzed skin who was lolling in an armchair in front of Morris's fireplace.

"At your service, Tench," replied the host. "It's simply this. I have a deep and abiding distrust of human nature. It's against nature to be absolutely good, as we understand that word 'good.' Whenever I see a man who, as they say, has no vices, I say to myself: Ha! my fine fellow, you're a clever dog. You've got some darling sin or other you're lugging round with you, but you're too sharp to let it out of the bag."

"Rot!" exclaimed Chester, throwing a cigarette into the fire.

"Every one's got the Old Nick in him," continued the principal speaker. "It's like steam in an engine. If you keep it shut up and yet keep feeding the furnace with the coals of life and youth, why, the steam's got to get out somewhere. Now we fellows aren't what I'd call saints, and yet we're not exactly sinners. We let the steam out in various more or less innocent ways. We all know we're not hiding anything. But you show me a man, old or young, who's keeping the Old Nick under lock and key, sitting himself on the safety-valve, and it won't take me long to find out where the steam's leaking, and it won't be a legitimate leak, either. Do I make myself clear, comrades of my lonely bachelor hearthstone?"

"Perfectly," said Chester, "but it's all rot, just the same. You forget that, however much some of us poke fun at it, there is such a thing as religious belief to help a man keep in the steam, as you call it."

Morris smiled. Then his face took on a sudden look of interest.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "how it would really work out."

Hall, a white-haired, rather florid-faced man, sitting in the window recess, looked up.

"Tom's hatching something, boys," said he. "Out with it, Cynic."

Morris took his feet off the table, stuck his hands in his pockets, and stood up.

"Fellows," said he, "did you ever hear Conan Doyle's story of the telegram and the archdeacon? No? Well, Doyle was in just such a discussion as this, one night over the pond, and some one proposed sending a warning telegram to some old codger whose life was apparently absolutely blameless. So they concocted an anonymous telegram and sent it to a saintly old archdeacon of the Established Church. The telegram read: 'All is discovered. Fly at once.' Well, the saintly old archdeacon flew all right and has never been seen or heard of since. That's Doyle's story, and I call it a pretty good one, for it's got its roots deep down in the mucky soil of human nature. Now, fellows, suppose we try it in earnest?"

A medley of laughter and exclamations of various kinds greeted the proposal.

"I'll make a bet with you on it, Chester," continued Morris, delighted at the keen interest his scheme had instantly aroused. "Each one of us will write on a slip of paper the name of the best man we know; we'll drop the slips in a hat and one of us will pull out one. We'll send that Doyle telegram to the man indicated and watch developments. What odds will you give me that he won't skip?"

"Ten to one," replied Chester, quickly.

"Done," said Morris. "I'll put up ten on the short end of that. Mind you," he added, "I don't admit that it's a final test of my holier-than-thou theory. The victim may be too clever by half. He may hold his ground and defy his unknown accuser to produce the goods. But, if it does work, well, I think you'll admit there's more in my theory than you think."

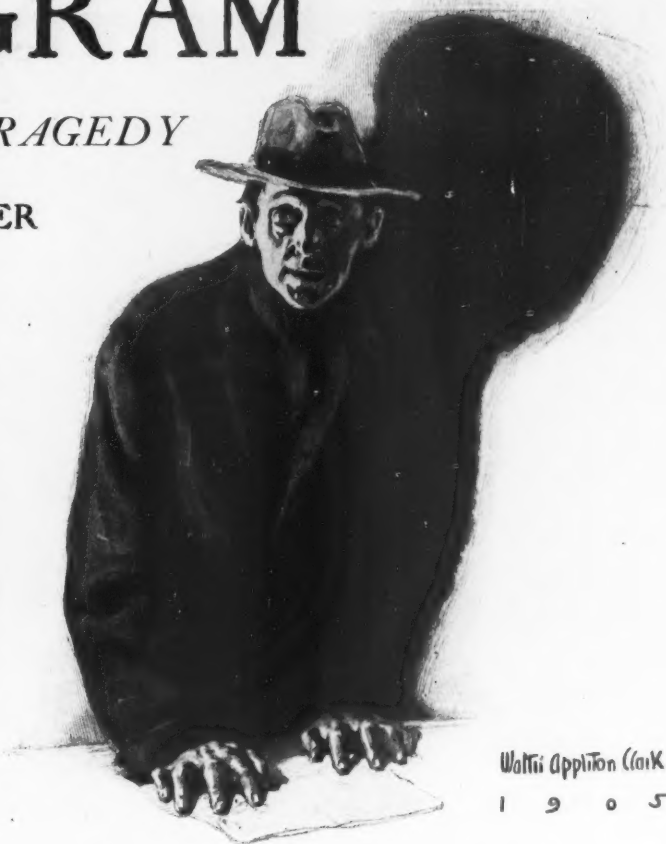
Hall, who had been busy cutting a paper into slips, distributed them, and, retreating into the window-seat again, wrote down a name with a chuckle.

"I say, fellows," broke in a short, dark man, who had not spoken for some time, "I think this is going a little too far. It seems to me—well, I can't say why, but I don't like the look of it. I feel we are on dangerous ground. Let's quit it."

"Brace up, Baldwin," laughed Hall. "We're each putting down the most morally-bullet-proof personage of our acquaintance. Any one of our five human saints will laugh at such a telegram. You don't suppose I think anything will really come of it, do you? Morris doesn't, either. Go on. Put down your name."

Baldwin hesitated.

"I do it under protest," said he, after a moment. "I have a presentiment, but I'll not go against the majority. My choice, at least, is bullet-proof, as you say."



Walter Appleton Clark

1905

The face was like putty, with two pieces of black coal for eyes

And he wrote on his slip and dropped it into Hall's derby with the others. Hall shook the hat, and then held it on a level with his head.

"Pick out one, Morris," said he. "We'll let you choose your whited sepulchre. And since you're so earnest about it, suppose you send the telegram yourself. Agreed?"

Morris nodded, and, standing on tiptoes, put his hand over the rim of the hat and fumbled about in the interior. The room had suddenly grown very quiet. A white-hot coal dropped from the grate and clanged on the brass shovel lying on the hearth.

Morris withdrew his hand and glanced at a folded paper between his fingers.

"Not my choice," he said shortly.

The four others stared at the paper, but said nothing.

Morris waited an instant, and then hurriedly spread out the missive. A loud whistle burst from him.

"Palliser!" he exclaimed.

"Palliser, the Sunday-school Superintendent," cried Hall, with a laugh.

"Palliser, the Immaculate Bachelor!"

"Palliser, the Paragon!"

Baldwin alone kept silent. The rest turned and looked at him. He nodded.

"Yes, I wrote that name," he said quietly. "And I regret it. I don't know why I did it. I meant to write another. I thought I had. And yet, as the paper fell from my hand into the hat, I knew that I had written the name of my best friend. Let me cancel it. I will substitute—"

"The die is cast. Palliser has crossed the Rubicon, and you've burned his bridges behind both himself and you."

Morris laughed as he said it, and, reaching for a telegraph blank on his desk, wrote rapidly. Then he got up, clapped on an old felt hat, threw on a raincoat, and seized an umbrella.

"I'm too well known up in the West Eighties to send anything like this," said he, glancing at the clock. "It's early, only eight. I'll be back in an hour. Wait for me. You know we'd planned to make a night of it anyway. I'm going over to some little telegraph office on the East Side, where they won't remember who sent this concoction. Listen."

Standing in the doorway, he waved the telegram in the air.

"George M. Palliser," he chanted, mockingly, "51½ East 53d Street, City. —All is discovered. Fly at once."

The door slammed, the elevator bell rang faintly below, wheels whirled louder and louder and grew fainter. Then a farewell whistle sounded down on the sidewalk.

Three of the four men gazed at the ceiling. Morris's departure seemed to have sobered Hall, Chester, and Tench. Baldwin was looking at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Let's play a little poker while we're waiting," said Tench, absent-mindedly.

The others agreed with alacrity. All were plainly ill at ease.

Baldwin did not play with his usual skill. He appeared to be keeping only one eye on his cards. At a quarter past eight he suddenly pushed his chair away from the table, and, stepping to Morris's telephone, took down the receiver.

"602 Madison," he said, sharply.

"His own number," whispered Hall.

"Is that you, Mary?"



Mr. H. S. Redmond's yawl "Ailsa," of 116.2 tons, had a few minutes of glory as leader of the fleet of racers for the Kaiser's Cup until she was passed by the "Atlantic." She crossed the finish line eighth at 4.25 A. M., June 1, in the elapsed time of 14 days, 11 hours, and 10 minutes. She was one of seven yachts that came in within a space of nine hours

SHARP WORK ON BOARD THE YAWL "AILSA" IN



"REEFING DOWN"

IN A RISING STORM DURING THE TRANSATLANTIC RACE FOR THE KAISER'S CUP

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

The three men could not help but hear.

"Is Mrs. Baldwin there?—Just going out?—Tell her I'm not feeling well—Is that you, Helen?—Yes, I'm not well—I'm coming right home—I'll be with you in twenty minutes."

He hung up the receiver and turned round. His face was pale and he looked unmistakably ill.

"Let me go with you, old chap," volunteered Tench heartily.

"I'm all right, thanks," rejoined Baldwin, rather curtly. "That is, I don't need to be chaperoned. Sorry I don't feel fit. Tell Morris, won't you? So long."

"I wonder what Palliser's doing to-night?" queried Hall, half to himself, as the door closed.

A tall man, with black eyes and hair, sat with head in his hands, his elbows resting on a desk in a long room without light, save for the cheerless rays which fell through two large windows from an arc light in the street. A little blue china clock in front of him pointed dimly to a quarter past eight. At intervals the light fell upon the man's face, and, at such times, his lips seemed to be moving. One might have thought he was in prayer.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and began rapidly to pace the room.

"No, I will not," he almost shouted. "I have put all that aside. I have sworn it."

He relapsed into silence again, but continued his uneasy tramping, kicking up the edges of the rugs as he strode back and forth.

"Yes, I will sail to-morrow," he muttered, after a pause. "Out of sight—"

The front door bell rang on the floor below. The man listened with almost painful care. Feet moved along the hall, a door opened, there were voices, and the door closed again. The stairs creaked and a knock sounded through the room. The tall man jumped as if he had been struck from behind. The knock was repeated.

"Come in," he exclaimed, almost roughly.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said the butler, apologetically, "but here's a telegram for you, sir."

The butler handed his master the yellow envelope and discreetly closed the door after him. The tall man waited until he heard the butler descending the stairs, and then, stepping to one of the windows, tore open the telegram and held the contents up to the light.

For some moments the old house seemed to wait for some impending catastrophe. The little china clock ticked bravely on, but the man in the window did not stir.

At last a shiver ran through him.

"Oh, God!" he whispered, and then burst out into maniacal laughter, so loud, so horrid in its wild abandon that the butler trembled in the pantry and crossed himself. His master's voice he knew, but that laugh he did not know. It did not ring true. Was hard work wearing out the matchless machinery of the mind?

Ten minutes later, a tall, muffled figure descended the main staircase and opened the front door. Outside the rain was driving down the street in sheets. On the threshold the figure hesitated and almost drew back. Then a gloved hand firmly closed the front door and the figure sprang down the steps, turned east, and was lost in the storm.

The arc light sputtered and flickered violently, and for a time there was darkness. When the light broke forth again, a man hurried along the sidewalk from the west, ran up the steps and thrust hard against the electric button. The butler stood before him almost instantly. The well-trained servant's face, for once, expressed surprise.

"Why—I—good-evening, sir—I—I thought he'd come back."

"Has he just gone, James?" exclaimed the newcomer.

"Not five minutes ago, sir."

"James, did he receive a telegram just now?"

The butler tried to look unconcerned.

"He did, sir. Just before he went away."

"Did he seem at all—er—nervous about anything, James?"

The butler looked straight at his questioner.

"He laughed something awful, sir. Horrid, sir."

"And he hurried away at once?"

"I heard the door slam very soon after, sir."

The newcomer shook, as if with the ague.

"I'll find him," he cried. "I'll find him."

"What's wrong—" the butler stopped. The newcomer had turned and vanished in the direction from which he had come.

As the butler strove to mark the retreating figure among the shadows, he became aware that something was coming up the steps. He faced about with a start and a diminutive messenger boy held out a telegram. The servant took it mechanically, signed for it in the book, and retreated indoors.

Eleven o'clock was booming from a neighboring steeple when a key clicked in the lock of the front door, and the butler rushed forward from the dining-room, where he had been sitting with every electric globe alight.

"Thank God, sir, you've come, sir. I've been near crazy, sir. Another telegram came—"

The tall man walked into the dining-room and picked up the yellow envelope from the table. He opened it deliberately, laid the message down on the cloth, and spread it out under both palms.

The butler watched him curiously. His master seemed to be reading the words over and over again, as if he could not understand their meaning. When the tall man did raise his head, the butler stepped back. The face was like putty, with two pieces of black coal for eyes.

"When did it come?" said the master.

"Twenty minutes after you left."

The butler seemed to himself to be talking in a dream.

"Mr. Baldwin just missed you, too, sir," he went on. "He appeared to be very much excited when he heard you'd just had a telegram and had gone. He said he'd find you. He'd find you, he said."

The butler stopped. That curious putty face was fading away in the distance. Then a door creaked and a draught of cold air struck him. The front door was open. The butler rushed out upon the steps. The rain had ceased, but the wind was still abroad. A great gust sighed across the roofs like the wail of a passing soul.

The street was empty.

"There is a devil," said Chester, slowly, for the third time in ten minutes. "It's the devil's work."

Morris raised his eyebrows, but said nothing.

"I don't mean you, Tom," hastily put in the first speaker. "You had no idea, of course. But the devil put us all up to it just the same."

"Two weeks, and not a clew," observed Tench.

"That's worth anything," continued Hall. "The papers are full of clews, so-called. We've had the poor fellow done away with for a dozen different reasons, and we've had him in hiding for a dozen more. I'm sick and tired of telling reporters I didn't stick him in the back."

Morris took a newspaper clipping out of his pocket and spread it out on his knee.

"There are only two clews," said he, "that seem to be worth anything—the contents of the two telegrams Palliser received that night. The telegraph company fought hard to keep from giving them up, but they had to in the end, and then some detective gave them away to some reportorial friend. As you all know, the one he received first—if the time checks are correct—contained but a single word:

"BAINE."

"The second one seems more familiar. Need I say that it reads: 'All is discovered. Fly at once.'"

"The butler says he laughed horribly over the first one, though it doesn't appear very mirth-compelling. It seems he didn't laugh at all over the second one. Both of them seem to have made him run off. But there is one distinction. He came back after the first. He didn't after the second."

Morris paused and took a pad of paper off the table.

"Have any of you been able to make anything out of that first telegram?" he asked, writing something on the pad.

"It may be a single word or a whole sentence," said Hall. "The reporters have given it a thousand meanings—"

"Whereas, it has but one," said Morris.

His friends caught something in his tone, and looked up quickly.

"Do you know what it means?" said Chester, gripping his chair with both hands.

Morris held up the pad. On it was a word, in Greek letters:

Baine

"Greek!" exclaimed Chester.

"Translate!" cried Tench.

For answer, Morris wrote in bold capital letters on the pad the word:

C-O-M-E.

The three men looked at it in silence. Chester was the first to speak.

"Ah, I see," said he. "The imperative, second person singular. Somebody wanted him somewhere—"

"And he went," said Tench.

"And as to who the somebody was, or as to where the somewhere was, I know no more than the rest of you," added Morris.

"Has Baldwin been here lately?" asked Chester, after a pause.

"No," replied Morris slowly, "he hasn't. He's changed greatly in the last fortnight. Seems to think Palliser's disappearance is his own doing. He hangs round the Fifty-third Street house hour after hour. He's letting his law business go to the dogs."

"How does he explain it?" continued Chester.



Walter Appleton Clark

For an instant the two watchers fell back

"He doesn't pretend to," replied Hall. "My wife had a long talk with him yesterday and then she and his wife discussed it. He thinks there's foul play, but why, he doesn't know."

"What do you think, Morris?" said Tench. "A woman?"

"Possibly," replied Morris. "That word 'Come' sounds rather like it, but women don't generally write Greek. It's my theory, you know, that if any man is known never to fool with women he has one in pickle somewhere. Still, I can hardly think that of Palliser. Then his financial affairs are all right. He had almost no enemies. His religion made him forgive them all. I can't explain it. I can only say I'm very, very sorry. I liked him."

"So did we all," said Tench, "and if you want to know what I think, I think he's dead."

"You say, James, there's something in this house that moves around at night and can't be seen?"

The butler, thinner than was his habit, shifted his gaze uneasily.

"Yes, sir," he said, in a low voice.

Baldwin left his seat in the dining-room and stepped out into the hall. Twilight was falling, and the house was very quiet. He waited for a moment, and then returned to his chair.

"James," he said, after a moment. "You have not told a single person that I came here that night and asked about a telegram?"

"No, sir," replied the butler. "The inspector was very particular to ask me if any one came here besides the two messenger boys, but I promised you not to say a word about your coming and I didn't."

The lawyer looked relieved.

"James," he continued, solemnly, "do you believe what I told you about that telegram?"

"Yes," answered the butler, without hesitation.

"Do you believe me when I give you my word that I know nothing about that first one and that the second one was only a joke?"

"Yes," said the butler. "I know, sir, you've got nothing to do with his going away this way. And as for whatever it is that keeps coming back—"

The butler paused and then sprang noiselessly to his feet.

"Do you hear anything, sir?" he whispered.

His companion listened and then shook his head.

The butler sat down again.

"My nerves are all jangling, sir," said he.

Baldwin rose.

"Come," he said, shortly. "Let's examine the house before it's quite dark. I'm going to run down this hellish thing to-night, if I have to sit here till morning."

The two men passed out into the hall and ascended the main staircase. Floor by floor and room by room they came at last to the topmost story and then to the last room of all. As they peered into the little chamber, the butler started.

"Look there, sir!" he whispered hoarsely.

The lawyer looked, but saw nothing.

"The bed, sir!" persisted the butler.

Baldwin struck a match and held it above his head. The narrow, white-enameled, iron bedstead, with its spotless white counterpane, stood out boldly against the dark paper on the walls.

"I don't see anything," said the lawyer.

The butler approached the bed and moved his forefinger above the counterpane. The light swayed violently and the match fell to the floor and went out.

"It was all right this morning," said the butler's voice in the dark.

The two men descended to the second floor without further speech. Near the head of the main staircase Baldwin stopped, took a small screw-eye from his pocket and twisted it firmly into the base-board at the foot of the wall. Cautiously removing from another pocket a cord from which hung a number of little things which the butler could not quite make out in the gloom, the lawyer fastened one end of the cord to the screw-eye and the other to the newel-post of the stairway, the strange objects dangling about eight inches above the floor. The lawyer stooped low and passed his hand lightly over the cord. The butler heard a faint tinkling sound and looked down at his companion, who smiled grimly.

"Rings on his fingers and bells on his toes,

He shall have music wherever he goes," he said, softly.

There are many strange noises in an old house at night. Rats in the wainscoting, air in the pipes, the expanding and contracting of wood and metal as the temperature changes with the hours—all these the two watchers, sitting motionless in the dark in the dining-room, had heard. Midnight had long ago chimed from the old clock in the hall, and a preliminary buzzing indicated that the faithful timepiece was about to strike the hour of one. Then the buzzing died away and a moment of dead silence descended like a pall upon the house.

Clang!—jangle!—crash!

Two men, shouting they knew not what, threw themselves out into the hall and sprang upon the lower steps of the staircase.

"Stop!"

It was a shriek above their heads.

"Never!" cried the lawyer, as he started upward.

A flash, a roar, and a bullet whistled down and buried itself in the banister rail. A similar flash and roar from the foot of the stairs and a shrill scream, so full of agony and terror that it sickened all who heard it, rang and reverberated through the empty halls.

For an instant the two watchers fell back. Then they hurled themselves madly forward.

But, furious as was their pursuit, the thing they sought scaled each stairway just ahead of them, and when, cursing, shouting, and stumbling, they gained the uppermost floor, the darkness had swallowed it up.

The butler felt along the wall, pressed a button, and the electric bulbs in the hall burst into flame.

The upper floor was deserted.

The lawyer's face was very white as he turned toward his companion.

"Was it his voice, James?" he said, with an effort.

The butler hesitated.

"It was and it wasn't, sir. It was more like as if it was the voice of a soul in hell."

The two men's eyes met.

"I think so, too," said the lawyer.

And down on the front steps the night watchman and a policeman rapped vigorously for admission.

A week passed and Sunday night found the five friends in their favorite nooks in Morris's room. The weather had turned warmer, the windows were open, and the men sat in the darkness, talking in an undertone which had seemed to come naturally to them of late.

There was but one subject under discussion. It seemed to them they had never talked of anything else.

"Was it he himself that night?" queried Hall, for the twentieth time. "Or was it his murderer?"

Baldwin raised his head.

"I am firmly convinced," said he, "that we have been but blind instruments in the hands of a just God. What was the sin laid at the door of him who was my best friend, I do not know, never expect to know, and I never expect to see him again. Neither do I expect to know what it was at which I shot that night."

He paused.

"Nor do I want to know," he added.

Some one knocked on the door. Tench opened it, and the elevator boy handed him a note.

"For you, Mr. Tench," he said.

Tench shut the door and lighted one of the gas jets. An exclamation of surprise escaped him, and he hastily tore open the envelope. He read the note through carefully while the others watched him, and then beckoned to Chester.

"Come quickly," he said.

Baldwin turned and looked out of the window.

"Is it from him?" he asked, quietly.

"Yes," said Tench.

On and on into the very heart of the East Side the two friends hurried. Broadway lay more than a mile behind them. They were in the region where once had lived and ruffled it the first families of a bygone day.

At last Tench stopped.

"This must be it," he said, as he raised the rusty latch on an old iron garden gate.

A long walk, between whose flagstones

the grass grew thickly, led to a square, brick house surrounded by old oaks and apparently deserted.

Tench knocked five times with a brass knocker, and the door was almost instantly opened by a tottering, silver-haired woman.

"Hurry," she mumbled, and led the way through a wide hall to a rear door on the right. "In there," she added, and disappeared through a small opening underneath the stairs.

Tench opened the door, and both men stepped inside. They had passed from the banks of the East River and the Hudson to the Golden Horn and the lotus shores of the Bosphorus!

Silk tapestries, products of the choicest looms of Persia and Asia Minor, hung upon the walls. The feet sank to the ankles in rugs whose magnificent color might have adorned the robes of Haroun-al-Raschid. A small fountain splashed in the centre of the room, and beyond, against the far wall, stood a great divan whose Oriental trappings showed beneath the linen and blankets of an Occidental bed.

Buried in a hollow of the pillow at the far end of this strange couch was the head of a man.



W. H. Chittenden

"How did your husband find out?" asked the head, faintly

The skin was bloodless and the cheeks sunken. Only a pair of piercing black eyes indicated that the head was still alive. It was Palliser. For a while the small fountain made the only noise in the room. Then the head spoke. "You are just in time," it said. "I feared you, also, would fail me *in extremis*."

Chester tried to speak and failed.

"It is now nearly eleven," the head went on, "and I am scheduled to die before midnight."

Tench took a step forward. "What—what does it all mean?" he stammered. The head moved slightly in its linen prison. "It means," it said, "that the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

"I do not understand," said Chester, as if talking to himself.

"It means," the head continued, each word sounding as if it had been separately molded in some casting machine, "it means that George Merrivale Palliser is paying for his great and damnable sin."

"Are you dying?" Tench asked. He knew the question needed no answer, but he could think of nothing else to say.

The head laughed. Both men shuddered. It was not a pleasant laugh.

"Dying by inches," the head replied. "I have no sense of life below my chin. I know my heart must be beating, else I would be dead. When the lesion reaches my brain, then the heart will stop and I will go elsewhere."

Chester approached the bed with a great pity in his heart.

"We're awfully sorry," he said. "Can't we do anything? Why did you wish so to have us come?"

The great eyes on the pillow filled with tears.

"For three reasons," said the head. "First, I wish you to see that I am buried under the name by which I am known here, James Sterry, and that my identity is never revealed. George Merrivale Palliser's fate must never be known. Second, I wish both of you to be the executors of the Palliser estate. You will find the will in a secret drawer of my desk in my office. Thirdly—a spasm of pain twitched the cheeks—"I wanted to see some of my old friends again before the end."

Tench and Chester were inexpressibly affected. Each took a small tabouret and sat down on either side of the couch.

"I am going to tell you what has brought me to this miserable pass," said the head. "And I must hurry. I have not long to live."

A small clock, somewhere in the room, struck the quarter hour.

"George Merrivale Palliser has always been held to be a man of no vices," continued the head. "And I, too, thought he had none. But, in reality, he had few temptations—no great ones save one, and that he kept down by his will and by prayer. And that temptation has, in the fulness of time, brought George Merrivale Palliser here."

Chester leaned forward. "Dear old boy," he said, "was it a woman?"

"It was," said the head.

"We will not ask you who," Tench said, hurriedly. "And don't tell us."

"I would not tell," replied the head, quickly, "both for her sake and for that of her husband."

The two listeners drew in their breaths sharply. They were both single men. The head heard and understood.

"You can have no idea who she was," continued the head. "So do not guess. You might do a grave injustice to an innocent woman."

"As for myself, I was born, I believe, with a passionate strain in my blood, and all my life, until three years ago, I fought it down."

"Three years ago?" exclaimed Tench.

"Three years ago," repeated the head. "Ah, how I fought that temptation. I might have married, but I did not love, and I could not marry without love. And I fought to keep myself pure."

"Then I fell in love—in love with a married woman."

There was a long pause. The hidden clock chimed the half hour.

"When a boiling torrent has been dammed for years and the dam breaks, the torrent sweeps over everything to the sea. I was doomed from that night. On the surface I had to be the man I had always been, but at heart I rioted in my new-found sin. And I believed, fool, fool that I was, accursed fool, that I would never be found out by man. I had forgotten God."

The two men bent forward in their excitement.

"Three weeks ago," the head went on, "I repented of my sin. I made all my plans to go to Europe. I was determined to begin anew. I bought my tickets, and the night before the liner was to sail I was tempted to see her once again. I knew if I did I would never sail. I fought it out in my room, and I conquered." The head moved uneasily on the pillow.

"And then, at the very moment of my victory, there came a telegram from her telling me to meet her here."

"Here!" exclaimed Chester.

"Here," said the head. "Here where we always met. Here I have sinned, and here I have paid, am paying, and shall soon pay all the earthly penalty."

There was another pause. Then the head spoke on, more rapidly this time:

"That telegram melted me as if it had been a candle flame and I wax. I hurried here. She did not come. I waited nearly two hours. Then I went back to my house and found a second telegram which told me that her husband

had discovered all and that I must fly for my life. Cowardly sensualist that I was, I rushed away and hid myself here."

The two men exchanged glances. Chester shook his head. Tench nodded. They did not wish to tell him the truth.

"Why did you not sail for Europe the next day?" asked Chester.

The head quivered.

"When you see something slipping from you, does it not then become more precious in your eyes?" it asked. "Infatuated before, now that she was lost to me, I was mad for her. I stayed that I might seize her and fly together with her where her husband could not follow."

"My house has a little-used staircase leading from the backyard to the top floor, and at night I would enter and prowl about the upper stories. I did not dare let my butler know of my presence for fear he might betray me to the husband. And then, a week ago, God's hand fell upon me. Some one, I do not know who, but I believe it was the avenger, set a trap for me in my own house. I fired. I did not mean to kill. I meant to frighten. Did I wound any one?"

Tench shook his head.

"Thank God," exclaimed the head. "I have not that upon my soul. When I fired some one returned the shot and the bullet pierced my spine. How I reached that staircase and got here I can not remember. For a week I have suffered the torments of the damned."

"No doctor!" exclaimed Chester.

"Yes, plenty of doctors for James Sterry, but they could do me no good. And the bitterest blow was reserved for my last hours. I knew I should die before morning, and I sent word to her to come to me before I went away. She was to have been here at seven and would have left long before you arrived. And she has not come. She has deserted me."

A loud knock sounded in the front of the house. Then four others. The head lifted itself from the pillow with a spasmodic jerk.

"She has come," it cried.

Tench and Chester sprang to their feet.

Steps were rapidly approaching the door of the room. The head trembled with excitement.

"Behind those curtains, quick," it cried. "Don't look out. Swear it. You will not try to find out who she is?"

"We promise," cried both men at once, as they stepped behind a tapestry hanging in front of a small alcove.

No sooner had they done so than they heard the door open and shut.

A cry full of anguish burst from the bed and was echoed from the door. Some one rushed across the room, and seemed to kneel by the side of the couch.

"How did your husband find out?" asked the head, faintly.

"He does not know," said a woman's voice, broken and faltering. "He has not even a suspicion."

The two men heard a sudden gasp.

"He does not know," repeated the head, slowly. "Then who sent that telegram, 'All is discovered. Fly at once?'"

The woman was trying hard to keep her composure.

"Some friends of yours," she said, at last, "sent it to you as a joke. They had no idea all this would come of it."

There was a long pause.

"Why did you not come here that night?" asked the head in a whisper so low the two men could scarcely hear it.

"I had to change my plans at the last moment," said the woman. "I could not help it."

The head laughed softly.

"So that telegram which was sent as a joke has brought me to this!" it almost whispered.

A sudden spasm shook the dying man and seemed, for an instant, to give back the full use of the vocal chords.

"It was the finger of God!" said a voice, the voice of a man in his prime. The clock chimed midnight. Then silence. Even the fountain had ceased to play.

On the other side of the tapestry the two men heard a woman sobbing. Finally she rose, stood still for an instant, and then hastily left the room.

It was nearly one o'clock when the two men entered Morris's study. Baldwin rose to his feet.

"Is he dead?" he asked, calmly.

Tench nodded.

"Did he die at midnight?"

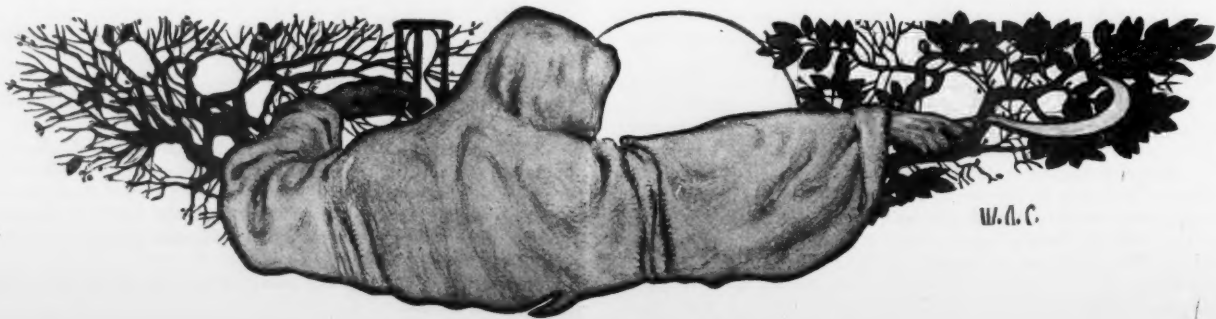
"Yes," said Chester. "How did you know?"

"I can not tell you," replied the lawyer. "He was my best friend. Something told me when he died." He picked up his hat. "I must hurry home," he said, starting toward the door.

Tench shot a look at Chester.

"We must keep him here until she's reached home," he whispered.

"Yes," replied Chester, under his breath, "we must."



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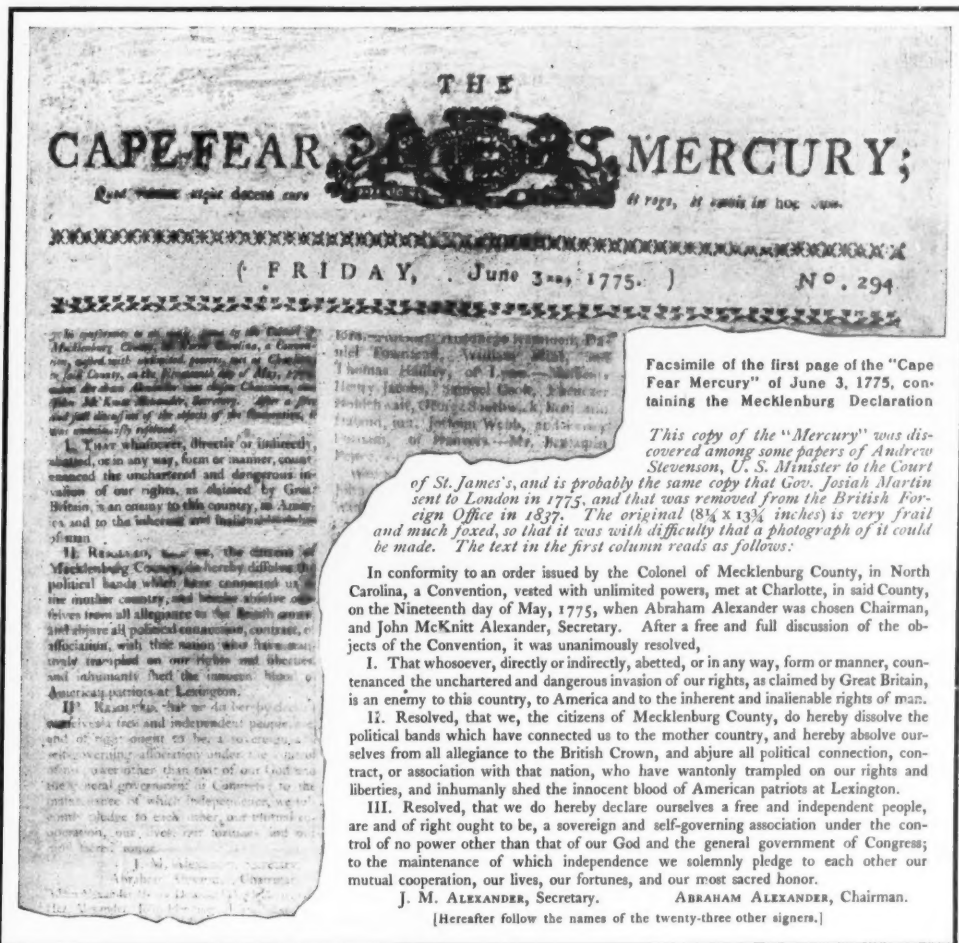
INDEPENDENCE BELL RANG A YEAR EARLIER IN CHARLOTTE THAN IN PHILADELPHIA

By S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.

A DECLARATION of Colonial Independence was drawn up and signed by thirty-one Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, in popular assembly, at Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, on May 20, 1775, nearly fourteen months before that famous Declaration of July 4, 1776, inspired by Thomas Paine and written by Thomas Jefferson.

Richard Jackson, Benjamin Franklin, and others waited upon Lord Grenville in London in February, 1765, and remonstrated against the execution of the Stamp Act. On January 6, 1765, the sloop *Diligence* arrived at Wilmington, North Carolina, in the Cape Fear River, and attempted to discharge its burden of stamps. But Colonial militia, hastily gathered together under Colonel John Ashe (of future Revolutionary fame), marched to the wharf and notified the captain of the sloop that they would not allow him to land his detested cargo. And, what was even more to the point, they proceeded to the residence of James Houston, stamp agent for the Crown, took him along with them to the public square, and forced him there to take open oath that he would not perform the duties of his office.

The affairs of Concord and Lexington culminated in the pitched battle of Bunker Hill, on June 17, 1775. But on May 16, 1771, the army of "Regulators," under Rednap Howell, James Hunter, and other sturdy sons of North Carolina, fought in open battle with Governor William Tryon and his adjutant, Edmund Fanning, on the Haw River, not far from Hillsborough. These "Regulators" were a body of colonists banded together to prevent injustice, and to compel the administration of justice to the colony of North Carolina.



Facsimile of the first page of the "Cape Fear Mercury" of June 3, 1775, containing the Mecklenburg Declaration

This copy of the "Mercury" was discovered among some papers of Andrew Stevenson, U. S. Minister to the Court of St. James's, and is probably the same copy that Gov. Josiah Martin sent to London in 1775, and that was removed from the British Foreign Office in 1837. The original (8 1/4 x 13 1/4 inches) is very frail and much foxed, so that it was with difficulty that a photograph of it could be made. The text in the first column reads as follows:

In conformity to an order issued by the Colonel of Mecklenburg County, in North Carolina, a Convention, vested with unlimited powers, met at Charlotte, in said County, on the Nineteenth day of May, 1775, when Abraham Alexander was chosen Chairman, and John McKnitt Alexander, Secretary. After a free and full discussion of the objects of the Convention, it was unanimously resolved,

I. That whosoever, directly or indirectly, abetted, or in any way, form or manner, countenanced the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to the inherent and inalienable rights of man.

II. Resolved, that we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, and abjure all political connection, contract, or association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of American patriots at Lexington.

III. Resolved, that we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, are and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association under the control of no power other than that of our God and the general government of Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual cooperation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.

J. M. ALEXANDER, Secretary.

ABRAHAM ALEXANDER, Chairman.

[Hereafter follow the names of the twenty-three other signers.]

If the end of a thought is an act, and if history is an orderly classification of thoughts as embodied in acts—orderly as regards both time and place—the first sparks of liberty were fanned into flame at Wilmington, Hillsborough, Charlotte, and elsewhere in North Carolina. And, at Charlotte, the voice of the colonists was first raised in public assembly against the manifest invasion

Yet these three gentlemen were the North Carolina signers of the July 4, 1776, Declaration of Independence. And if it had not been for their general rugged patriotism and for the personal vote of Joseph Hewes of Edenton, North Carolina, the 4th of July, 1776, would not have been the date of our emancipation from the sovereignty of England. For

of their rights by the mother country, and the names of thirty-one good men were signed to a Declaration of Independence. Half of these Mecklenburg "signers" were Alexanders and their relations.

But for self-evident reasons which the observant can discover, but which have rarely been manifest, the glory of North Carolina has generally been seen and recognized in eclipse only. The names of Richard Montgomery, Joseph Warren, and Francis Marion are always on all lips. The primary-class boy or girl of the common schools has heard and can tell you of their achievements. But how many have heard of Allen and Willie Jones (parents by adoption of John Paul Jones), of Francis Nash, of Richard Caswell, of William Richardson Davie? What plain public place in the high roll of fame do Samuel Johnston, Waitstill Avery, Ephraim Brevard, Dr. Thomas Polk, John Sitgreaves, and John McKnitt Alexander hold?

Is it at all widely known that New Berne, N. C., was the only home John Paul Jones ever had? That he took his last name from Willie and Allen Jones? That they made a man out of a wanderer and an outcast?

Inexplicable as it must seem, the names of Joseph Hewes and John Penn are not noted in the Century Dictionary, and the fame of William Hooper finds itself imprisoned in just four lines of vague generalities.

Quincy, 22 June 1819

Dear Sir,

May I enclose you one of the greatest curiosities and one of the deepest mysteries that ever occurred to me. It is in the Essex Register of June the 5th 1819. It is entitled from the Raleigh Register "Declaration of Independence." How is it possible, that this paper should have been concealed from me to this day. Had it been communicated to me in the time of it, I know, if you do not know, that it would have been printed in every Whig newspaper upon the continent, you know that if I had possessed it I should have made the Hall of Congress echo and reecho with it fifteen months before your Declaration of Independence. What a poor ignorant malicious, short-sighted, crapulous man is Tom Paine's Common sense compared with the paper I had known it I would have commented upon it from the day you entered Congress till the fourth of July 1776.

The genuine sense of America at that moment was never so well expressed before nor since. Richard Caswell, William Hooper and Joseph Hewes, the three Representatives of North Carolina in Congress, you know as well as I and you know that the unanimity of the States fully depended on the vote of Joseph Hewes, and was finally determined by him, and yet history is to ascribe American Revolution to Thomas Paine al verbum sapienti.

I am, dear Sir, your invariable friend,

of Joseph Hewes and was finally determined by him, and yet history is to ascribe American Revolution to Thomas Paine al verbum sapienti.

I am, dear Sir, your invariable friend,

John Adams

Reduced facsimile of the letter from John Adams to President Thomas Jefferson, in which he expresses surprise and displeasure at not having been apprised until this late date of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence

The original of this letter is now in private hands, but was originally in the Randolph Collection of Jefferson Letters, sold by Jefferson Levy, Esq., of Monticello.

TEXT OF THE LETTER

QUINCY, 22d June, 1819

DEAR SIR:—May I enclose you one of the greatest curiosities and one of the deepest mysteries that ever occurred to me; it is in the Essex Register of June the 5th, 1819. It is entitled from the Raleigh Register "Declaration of Independence." How is it possible that this paper should have been concealed from me to this day. Had it been communicated to me in the time of it, I know, if you do not know, that it would have been printed in every Whig newspaper upon the continent, you know that if I had possessed it I would have made the Hall of Congress echo and reecho with it fifteen months before your Declaration of Independence. What a poor ignorant malicious, short-sighted, crapulous man is Tom Paine's Common sense compared with this paper. Had I known it I would have commented upon it from the day you entered Congress till the fourth of July 1776.

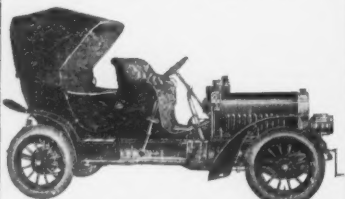
The genuine sense of America at that moment was never so well expressed before nor since. Richard Caswell, William Hooper and Joseph Hewes, the three Representatives of North Carolina in Congress, you know as well as I and you know that the unanimity of the States fully depended on the vote of Joseph Hewes, and was finally determined by him, and yet history is to ascribe American Revolution to Thomas Paine al verbum sapienti.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON.

JOHN ADAMS.



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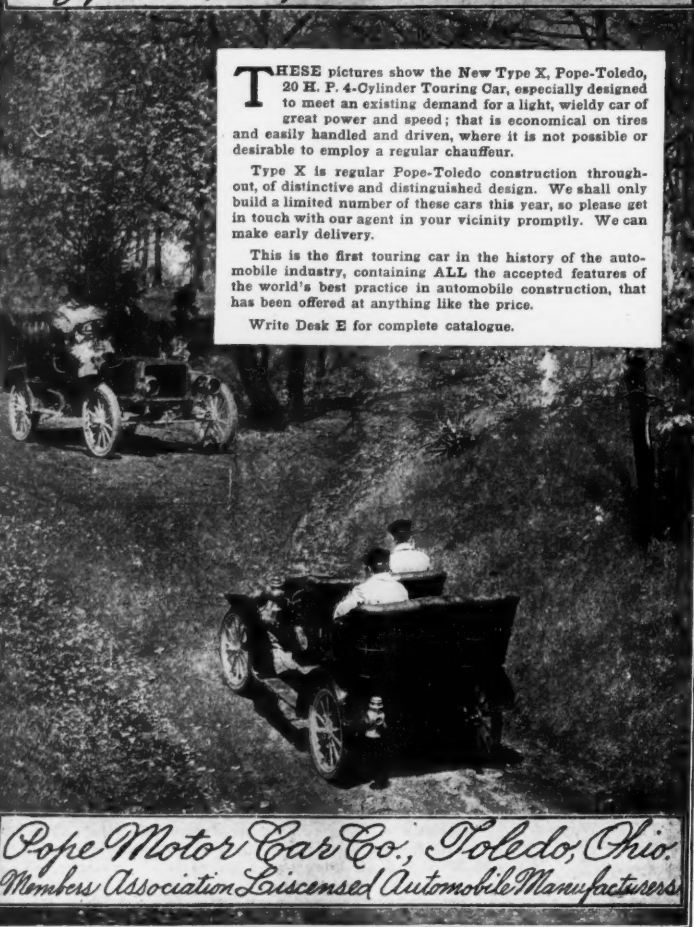
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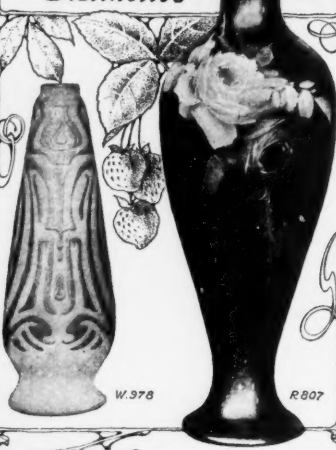
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Let us explain how and why this Winton Control operates so promptly and infallibly.

We will tell you all about it, and detail the other reasons why, if you will drop us a line today saying you are interested.

Note the long, graceful lines of the 1905 Winton Car, in picture below.

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Everything that could inspire nervousness has been cut out of it.

She can start it speeding up to its limit an hour with the same foot she might run a sewing machine with.

She simply presses that foot on a spring pedal for Speed.

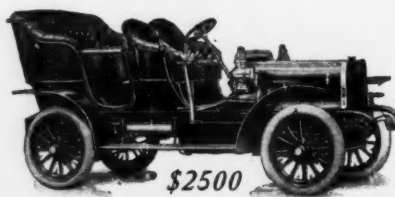
She can slow that speed down to four miles an hour, by simply lightening her foot pressure, on the same pedal.

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Taro has always been the chief food of Hawaiians. Taro is a very nutritious and delicious vegetable grown in great quantities on plantations under water in Hawaii.

It has a peculiar but very delicious and appetizing taste. For seven or eight years practically all physicians in Hawaii have been prescribing Taro-ena—a condensed, cooked, unsweetened form of Taro—for infants, Invalids and people with delicate stomachs.

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You may wear the prevalent "mercerized cotton" fabrics because you can't afford better; but if you buy and wear them for what they are, your self-respect needn't suffer. We admire a man who limits himself to what he can afford.

But if you try to make an all-wool front with "mercerized cotton" on your back, your self-respect ought to suffer; your looks will. It's like wearing a glass diamond or a brass ring; you know the deception, and your friends soon find you out.

The danger is that you'll pay an all-wool price, and get the "mercerized cotton" fraud. Seventy-five per cent of the clothing in the market is made from fabrics adulterated with "mercerized cotton;" nine out of ten makers have freely used such goods. The odds are against you, unless you are careful.

In buying clothes look for our label; it goes on none but all-wool or wool and silk; no "mercerized" or any other cotton in it. That label is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

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Good Clothes Makers

Pears'

"Just soap," is good enough for some, but most women insist on having Pears'. Ask some girl with a good complexion—why?

Sold by the cake and in boxes.



THE TRUE CRADLE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY

(Continued from page 19)

much the same obscure reasons as those which have dimmed the well-earned renown of all the great men of North Carolina, history has dealt obscurely and begrudgingly with the 19th and 20th of May Declaration of Independence drawn up and signed at Charlotte in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina.

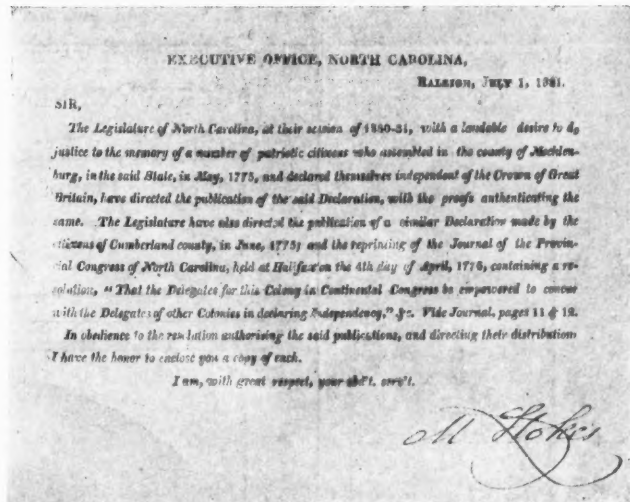
I have prepared this article, and reproduced its original and hitherto unprocurable illustrations, to prove for good and all that there was a public assembly called at Charlotte, North Carolina, on May 19 and 20, 1775, and that either on the first or second day of that meeting Dr. Ephraim Brevard (the oldest of the seven sons of the "Widow" Brevard, all of whom fought in the Revolution) drew up three articles or resolutions, which were signed by thirty-one patriotic citizens.

These resolutions, so signed, were at once carried by Captain James Jack to the Provincial Congress, then assembled at Hillsborough in an adjoining county, and were sent by the presiding officer of that assembly, Samuel Johnston, to the first Federal Congress, then convened in Philadelphia, in the keeping of the North Carolina delegates to that Congress, William Hooper, Richard Caswell, John Penn, and Joseph Hewes. One or all of these gentlemen brought these resolves to the notice of Thomas Jefferson and other patriots, but they were regarded by them as premature, and fell into what Mr. Grover Cleveland would call "innocuous desuetude."

Testimony to the fact of this May 19 and 20 convention, and to the actual draft and publicity of its three resolutions, or Declarations of Independence, is extensive and entirely credible. John McKnitt Alexander, the secretary of the meeting, kept the original Book of the Resolves in his possession until his house was altogether destroyed by fire in 1800. He then made two copies from memory, and gave one to Governor William Richardson Davie and one to Hugh Williamson (the historian of North Carolina). Williamson's copy was lost or stolen. Davie's copy passed into the hands of Governor Montfort Stokes of North Carolina, who published a broadside in substantiation of it in 1831, and was among the archives of North Carolina in 1834, and again in 1846, as testified by reliable witnesses. But this copy has also disappeared.

Governor Montfort Stokes has left a published statement to the effect that he saw Hugh Williamson's copy in his (Williamson's) possession in the year 1793.

The Rev. Humphrey Hunter, who fought through the Revolution as a soldier, wrote a "Journal of the War in the South." The phraseology of this journal as to the dates, May 19 and 20, is distinct and unequivocal; also as regards the character and number of the Resolves and the names of the signers. Dr. Hunter declares that he was then twenty years and fourteen days of age, and that he was a deeply interested spectator of the proceedings.



Proclamation of Governor Stokes of North Carolina

General John Graham wrote a letter on October 4, 1830, to Dr. Joseph M. Alexander, son of the Secretary of the Mecklenburg Declaration (John McKnitt Alexander), giving a detailed account of the proceedings at the convention as personally witnessed by him. Both Hunter's "Journal" and General Graham's letter are published in the North Carolina State Archives. A certificate of the man who carried the Resolves to Hillsborough, Captain James Jack, can also be found in the State Archives. Colonel William Polk of Raleigh had also published, in 1831, a personal confirmation as an eye-witness of the integrity of the May 19 and 20, 1775, Convention and Declaration.

Governor Josiah Martin issued a proclamation on August 8, 1775, in which he says: "And, whereas, I have also seen a most infamous publication in the 'Cape Fear Mercury' (published at Wilmington, North Carolina) 'importing to be the resolves of a set of people styling themselves a committee for the County of Mecklenburg, most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of the laws, government, and constitution of this country, and setting up a system of rule and regulation repugnant to the laws, and subversive of his Majesty's Government.'"

The only authorities whom John Fiske quotes on the other side are George Bancroft (vol. vii, page 370) and a pamphlet by J. C. Welling, a late president of a college in Washington, D. C.

Bancroft discovered in the archives of the Foreign Office in London a copy of the "South Carolina Gazette," published in Charleston, South Carolina, giving a literatim and verbatim transcription of the sixteen resolutions drawn up and signed on May 30, 1775, at Charlotte, by the committee of the county. This committee had apparently been sitting, more or less steadily, since May 19, as was most natural (and it was also even more natural that the longer they sat the more resolutions they should draw up). Bancroft, of course, as the Columbus of this copy of the "South Carolina Gazette," has laid great stress upon the actuality of the 30th of May convention, and neglected that of the 19th and 20th.

Confident in the destruction of John McKnitt Alexander's house by fire, in 1800, and overjoyed at this discovery by Bancroft, a recent school of what Fiske rather contemptuously describes as "students" has sprung into life (all of them North Carolinians), who seem to be doing all they can to deprive their own State of its "well-deserved renown."

On the side of the 20th of May Declaration are arrayed the host of witnesses already quoted, and the overwhelming character of the facsimiles which accompany this article. Opposed to this convincing array of statements from eye-witnesses to the earlier convention are: The personal theory of Bancroft that there could not have been any Convention of May 20, because he could only find a contemporary account of the Convention of May 30, and certain gentlemen whose argument is entirely founded upon Mr. Bancroft's discovery.

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BY WALLACE IRWIN

I

Mr. McPeevish asked nervously, "Why Should I act like a fool on the Fourth of July And stay in this racketing, clacketting town, Where the roofs are blown up and the chimneys blown down By the rattle and roar And the whole beastly bore Of the rockets that soar Midst the fizzing and sizzing and jumping-gee-whizzing And pan-de-mon-i-ac-al firecracker corps; Of shooting and scooting And little boys hooting And yippy-ki-yi-ing and fragments a-flying and cannons exploding and patriots dying? Nay, never, Pauline! I'll fade from the scene And quit this vain city of warfare and riot And quick-fire-alarm— I'll go to some farm For a day of reposeful, medicinal quiet."

II

So one divine morning in early July The happy McPeevish went steaming away For sweet rustication and quiet vacation At Chickenyard Valley in rural N. J. The weather was charming, unconsciously calming McPeevish's symptoms of nervous prostration, Till, "Chickenyard Valley!" the brakeman yelled shrilly And dropped off our hero at Chickenyard station. "Ha, ha!" cried McPeevish, "on yon rolling hill I see a sweet farm lying cozy and still, A blissful location For long contemplation, For new-mown potatoes And new-blown tomatoes, And happy-faced rustics who murmur 'I swow!' Midst daisies and tulips And fragrant mint-juleps And fresh-gathered buttermilk, straight from the cow." Along a steep lane went McPeevish, till plain As the nose on your face stood a sign on a fence: "Day boarders took in by the weak Simon Pence," And on the front porch of a vine-covered cot Stood Simon himself, who with energy hot Assisted McPeevish to enter the place, Yelled, "Boarders, Mirandy!" and seized a suit-case.

III

With a rattle of plates and a cutlery clash The large, heavy supper went through in a crash, Made doubly confused by the table offences And squabbles and yells of the infantile Pences. John Henry, aged six, made grimaces at Kate, Who whispered, "Say Ma!" as she hammered her plate, While tow-headed Alec broke silence to utter, "Aw Pa, make the baby quit stealin' my butter!" While the primly correct high-school graduate, Maud, Inquired of McPeevish, "Have you been abroad? I'm going next year with Maw-maw and Paw-paw— And don't you just perfectly love Bernard Shaw?"

IV

With supper's excitement subsided and past, McPeevish said, "Now for some quiet at last— I wish that girl Maud and her bronchial soprano Would spare the bed-springs on that poor old piano. Jove! how that dog barks—you can hear him a mile— Poor, dear Mrs. Pence has a voice like a file— I hope things'll quiet down after a while. Sweet hope—what's that noise? Oh, it's only the boys A-splitting up kindling wood out in the shed. Good-night, Mr. Pence— I mean no offence. I've a pain in my head And I'm going to bed."

V

Listen, my children, and I will disclose The night-long procession of sounds that arose To Robert McPeevish's bed of repose: Till 10.33 fair Miss Maud made a Screamlend Of night with renditions of "Teasing" and "Dreamland," Tum-tum, the piano, High shrieked the soprano; At 10.54 With a snort and a snore The lightning express train went by with a roar And whistled three times right in front of the door. At half-past eleven— Dear Heaven! What's that? Tat-tat-tat! Tat-tat-tat! Oh pshaw, it's a rat— And here comes the cat— Down the rafter, close after The rodent, expecting a meal— Great Scott! hear it squeal, "Wee-wee-ee-ee-ee!" Aha, the old cat has a rival— "Mee-aw!" Ma-rriarr—mee-aw!" Hear the bulldog, "Bow-wow!" And the voice of the farmer, exclaiming, "Here now! You shut up that row!" With all this gosh-willikin' racket ye keep Our new city border from gittin' to sleep." Till 3.10 a.m. the mosquitoes, dogs, cattle, and rats Hold riotous carnival over the farm, And then comes the sound of the morning alarm, "Git up! Milkin' time!" and a general rouse As the rattling tin buckets go forth to the cows. "Hi, Si, shut the gate! Son, go fetch me my stool— So boss, quit yer kickin'—ye cross-eyed old fool!" And some one shouts, "Where Is the feed fer the mare?" Midst jangling of harness and whinnies and squeals, And stamping of heels and the rattle of wheels. "Ye gods!" groans the wakeful McPeevish, "no wonder Rud' Kipling describes how the dawn comes Like Thunder!"

VI

Mr. McPeevish, a picture of pain, Reposed on the platform awaiting the train. Fanatical radiance burned in his eye— "To-day," he exclaimed, "is the Fourth of July. The City, no doubt, will be banging and rattling. With gunpowder battling with Mauser and Gatling, Shimose powder, skyrocket, long Toms, Pinwheels, torpedoes and dynamite bombs; There will be oceans of deaths from explosions, Arson and surgery, blood and despair— Little / care! Noise can not craze me—nothing can faze me, Brass band, artillery, mere fire-alarm— For the plain fact is: I have had practice Trying to sleep on that dear little Farm!"

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JOHN PAUL JONES AND THE AMERICAN NAVY

By JOHN R. SPEARS

Author of "The History of Our Navy"



JOHN PAUL JONES

From the bust by Houdin in the
Navy Department at Washington

THE biographies of John Paul Jones (born John Paul, in Scotland) show that he was a sailor in the merchant service at twelve, a second mate at seventeen, a master at twenty, and that when twenty-six, being then in command of the brig *Two Friends*, lying in the reach of the Rappahannock River, he left the merchant service and settled down for life, as he supposed, on a plantation of three thousand acres of good Virginia land, which he had just inherited from his brother William. William had inherited the land from an uncle named Jones, and had assumed the uncle's name when he did so. It was provided that John Paul should also add the name of Jones when taking the estate, and thus John Paul, the merchant captain of excellent reputation, became John Paul Jones, a Virginia planter. That he was thus made in law and in fact a fellow-citizen of Washington seems to be worth mention, because ignorance of the facts has led people into error in regard to the status of this famous fighter of the Revolution. John Paul Jones was a rebel or a patriot according to the point of view, but the statement that he was a pirate comes only from ill-mannered ignorance. How Jones, the planter, won the regard of his neighbors, how he knocked down a British naval lieutenant for speaking insultingly of Virginia women, and how that little fracas was taken seriously by all the Colonial newspapers of the day, can be but mentioned here. The story of what he did for the American Navy begins in 1775. It was then apparent that war with the old country was at hand, and the Virginians saw that the people of Massachusetts would be the ones to bring on the rupture. The Virginians were fully determined to stand by the New Englanders in this crisis, while Jones, with his natural instinct for war, was so anxious to do his part that he left his plantation, and with his little twenty-ton sloop started on a voyage to Boston, early in the spring. He was visiting in New York, for his voyage was that of a yachtman, when the news of the battle of Lexington arrived April 21. Seeing that war had come sooner than he expected, Jones turned back home to prepare for actual service. The passage was made in three days, showing that he would carry on sail when in a hurry, even in a tiny sloop, and the day that he arrived (April 27) he wrote to four members of the Continental Congress, asking them to keep him in mind in connection with "any provision that may be taken for a naval force."

While Jones waited for a reply, two French frigates—one of which, *La Terpsichore*, was new—came into Hampton Roads. They were carrying Louis Philippe, Duke de Chartres, on a schooling voyage, for the Duke was to become High Admiral of France. From his own and the neighboring plantations John Paul Jones loaded his sloop with produce pleasing to sailors just in from a sea voyage, and going down to the French ships, offered the load with his compliments. The Duke was he who became Philippe Egalité during the French Revolution; he was not afraid of losing dignity by making a friend of the Virginia planter, and he kept Jones on the *Terpsichore* for three days as a guest.

That was a great social triumph for Jones, but it was planned and secured with a patriotic end in view. For when Jones left the ship he carried full details of her construction, her battery, and even copies of her sail plan. As naval architects the French then led the world, and Jones knew it. He expected to go to Philadelphia to consult with Congress about the building of a naval force for the defence of the Colonies, and he thus made provision for the event.

Paul Jones Organizes the Navy

The Congress met on May 10. On June 14 a committee was appointed to consider a naval defence. On July 18 John Paul Jones arrived in Philadelphia, by invitation of the committee, to give them the benefit of his knowledge. At the behest of this committee Jones now did things of moment. He acted as a member of a commission for the examination of the twenty different merchantmen which had been offered for conversion into warships. They selected the six vessels that formed the first American war squadron, and because Jones confessedly dominated the commission, it may be said that in placing these ships on the naval list he in a way founded the navy of the United States.

Jones understood very well that the Revolution was a war for the defence of the colonies—a fight for peace—and knowing this, he declared that the best way to accomplish the result was to force the fighting in the enemy's territory. "I have never been able to contemplate with composure the theory of the purely defensive in naval tactics," he wrote.

John Paul Jones began his work on the American navy by instructing Congress. He followed precept with example, and few such pacemakers as he have been seen in any navy. The wily John Adams had Jones put at the head of the list of lieutenants in order that Dudley Saltonstall, of the *Alfred*, might have a most efficient executive officer. In accepting this inferior position Jones first set the pace for those who were to come after him. Later he set the pace again by an effort to drive Saltonstall out of the navy, an effort so determined that it required all the influence of the friends of Jones to keep him from shooting the New Englander in a duel. For Saltonstall had proved himself wholly unfit for command, and Jones was determined that no such man should wear the uniform.

Having urged that aggressive war was the best defence for the colonies, Jones in time applied for the command of the frigate *Trumbull*. He thought it would help the cause to show the French a frigate like that merely as a sample of what the colonies could build, not to mention the influence of what he hoped to do with her. He got the sloop *Ranger* instead. On her he put a battery of fourteen nine-pounders and four sixes instead of the twenty sixes intended for her—a characteristic act—and on October 2, 1777, he reported her ready, but he held her back until the battle of Saratoga. It makes the blood of the patriot tingle to this day to read how a messenger rode for thirty consecutive hours from the foothills of the Adirondacks to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the *Ranger* lay.

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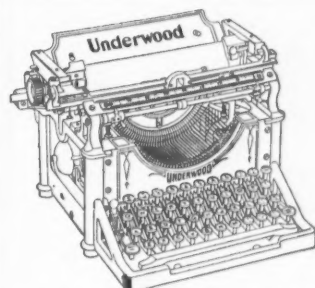
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PAUL JONES AND THE AMERICAN NAVY

(Continued from page 25)

his sailing orders, and in spite of twelve days of fierce northeast squalls and three of southeasterlies, he landed in Nantes in thirty-two days.

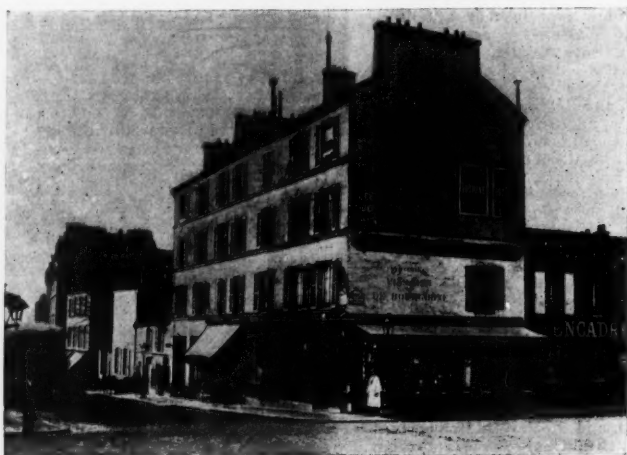
The influence of the work done with the *Ranger* was far-reaching. Jones had advocated aggressive work, and now he showed how to do it. He alarmed the coasts of the enemy. He attacked and captured the *Drake*, a ship of superior force. The excitement created in Europe by this small battle was tremendous, and for the very good reason that in it was then demonstrated for the first time that a British ship could be compelled to surrender by an enemy that was at best of no greater force.

And that was not all. "I had lost no opportunity of training them in great gun exercise," wrote Jones of the *Ranger's* crew. It is a matter of record that in the battle with the *Drake* "every shot told, and they gave the *Drake* three broadsides for two at that." He demonstrated, what Farragut said later, that "the best protection against the enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from our own guns." The influence of Jones in this matter is apparent to this day.

With this victory came further opportunity, though the outlook was at first anything but brilliant. He fitted out the *Bon Homme Richard*, putting in her six eighteen-pounders, even though he had to accept condemned guns. It was with a rotten ship armed in part with rotten guns that he alarmed the coasts of Scotland and attacked the *Serapis*. And no battle described in the annals of the sea is better worth the contemplation of the naval officer, as all American naval officers know very well. For when asked if he had surrendered, though his ship was actually sinking, her hold was full of mutinous prisoners, and some of his crew were clamorous to do so, he replied: "I have only just begun to fight." He set the pace which Perry followed on Lake Erie, when on being told that as he was heading the enemy would have the weather gage, he replied: "To windward or to leeward, they shall fight to-day."

It is not too much to say that in the degree that our naval policy has varied from the views as set forth in the words and deeds of John Paul Jones our navy has been inadequate to the defence of the nation.

The story of the last days of John Paul Jones is sad enough. Our statesmen decided that it was better to pay blackmail even to an African pirate than to incur the expense of a navy, and to find employment for his talents as a naval



House at the corner of the Rue des Ecluses and the Rue Grange aux Belles, Paris, standing over the old Protestant Cemetery where Paul Jones' body was buried and recently discovered through the efforts of Ambassador Porter

man Jones felt obliged to accept a commission in the Russian navy. But the step was the mistake of his life. For not only was he continuously harassed by the jealousy of his new associates; he became infected with the white plague, consumption. But for the kindness of his sovereign, Catherine, his life would have been miserable indeed.

To make him comfortable Catherine sent him to Paris, and in no place in the world could the admiral enjoy life more than in the French capital. For by his battles with the common enemy he had won the title of Chevalier from Louis XVI, and by his characteristics and accomplishments as a man, added to the honors gained as a naval fighter, he had won the hearts of the fairest of the French court ladies.

When it was seen that the king would be executed, and that all Europe would attack France, it was determined by the leaders that John Paul Jones should be made admiral of the French Navy. And he, speaking as an American citizen, as he was careful to say, expressed his willingness to take the post.

But he was never to fight under the French flag. It was during the first half of 1792 that Jones contemplated accepting the command of the French fleets. In a letter written to a lady in July of the latter year, he speaks of his health being so much improved that he ventured to hope that some career worth while was yet before him, and on July 11 he attended a session of the Assembly, where he was honored with the privilege of the floor during the debate upon the decree declaring the country in danger. It was proposed that he address the Assembly on the naval needs of the nation, but this he declined to do because he feared that the strain upon his voice would bring on one of the fits of coughing to which he was subject. After the Assembly adjourned he went to supper with a number of the leaders, and in the course of the evening made what is called the most memorable speech of his life.

Nevertheless death then had him in its grip. Soon after his return to Paris he had, at the urgent request of his good friend Aimée de Telison, consulted a number of the best physicians of Paris. They told him plainly that one lung was permanently affected, but that with care he might live for several years. But a proper care of himself, as such care is now understood, Jones did not take, and could not take in the social circles in which he lived. The supper in the Café Timon was his last appearance in public. The next day found him suffering from an exhausting cough, and with swelling limbs. The attention of his friends enabled him to rally somewhat, and when, on Sunday, the 15th, Gouverneur Morris called at his house (42 Tournon Street), Jones was found in a hammock at the rear of the garden, where he was attended by "Mme. T. and two young ladies," as Morris puts it in his diary. "He was extremely cheerful, and seemed better than for a long time previously." But three days later he dictated his will, knowing that the end was at hand. Gouverneur Morris was a witness of this document. The work on it was finished at about seven o'clock in the evening. When those who had assisted at the making of the will had gone, the housekeeper brought the admiral a bowl of broth for his supper and left it with him. An hour later, on going to carry away the tray, she found him lying with his body on his couch, his arms outstretched, and his feet on the floor, dead.

As has often been told, the body was well preserved in a leaden coffin, and buried in the Protestant cemetery; and now, having been brought to light once more, it will be buried in the one place of all others the best—at the Naval Academy of the nation he served so well.

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DEMAND FACTS

About What You Eat

When it comes to food, demand to know the facts about what goes into your stomach.

Not only that it is pure but that you are not deceived in the description of its contents and condition. Some flaked breakfast foods that have thus far failed, are now being advertised in close imitation of the Grape-Nuts advertising, thinking in that way to finally make a success of the failure.

But false statements of the merits of human food will never on earth build up a business. These flaked foods are not pre-digested. They are not fully cooked and the starch in them is starch still and has not been turned to sugar as claimed.

Chemical analysis tells the truth and the analysis of the famous chemists of the world show Grape-Nuts the only prepared breakfast food in which the starch part of the wheat and barley has been transformed into sugar and therefore ready for immediate digestion. Why is this true? All the thin rolled flake foods are made by soaking the grains of wheat or oats in water, then rolling, drying and packing. These operations do not cook or pre-digest the starch.

Contrasted with this pretense, observe the care, method and skill in making Grape-Nuts.

The barley is soaked about one hundred hours, then it is slowly warmed for some days and sprouted, the diastase being developed and part of the starch turned to sugar, (and later on all of it), then the grains are baked and the sprouts stripped off. Then comes grinding, sifting and mixing with the creamy colored flour made from white and macaroni wheat. This mixture must be skillfully made in right proportions. This blended flour contains just the ingredients demanded by nature to rebuild the soft gray substance in the nerve centres and brain, but how to make the food easy to digest, was the question.

It certainly would not do to mix in drugs, for there is a certain failure sure to come to the person depending on drugs to digest food. They may do for a temporary expedient, but pure food and digestible food is the only final resort and safe way. So to change the remaining starch part and prepare the other elements in this blended flour it is made up into massive loaves like bread, the inside being dark cream color and quite sticky to the touch. These loaves are sliced and again go through long cooking at certain temperatures. Then the rock-hard slices are each one carefully inspected and ground ready for packing and use, having gone through 10 or 12 hours in the different operations.

When finished, each little granule will show a sparkling substance on its surface. A magnifying glass will bring it out clearer and develop little pieces of pure dextrose sugar, not put on "or poured over" (as the head of a large Sanitarium once stated in his paper, thus exposing his appalling ignorance of food processes) but this sugar exudes from the interior of each as the starch is slowly turned to sugar in the process of manufacture. This kind of sugar is exactly like what is found in the human intestines, provided the starch of the grains, potatoes, bread, rice, cake, etc., etc., has been perfectly digested. But many are weak in that form of digestion and yet need the starches, so Grape-Nuts supplies them pre-digested and ready to go quickly into the blood.

Visitors are shown freely through the works and can follow the steps of making Grape-Nuts from the grain to the finished product. The proportions of different kinds of flour, and the temperatures are not disclosed and it seems impossible for others to steal these secrets of the makers.

But purity, cleanliness and skill are shown in every corner of the immense pure food factories. People who care for results from choicely selected food, those who want the food to rebuild the soft gray substance in brain and nerves that give the go, the vigor, the life, will understand why the imitators who try to copy the announcements about Grape-Nuts have failed in the past.

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